

The Times-Dispatch

Business Office.....Times-Dispatch Building
10 South Tenth Street.
South Richmond.....1025 Hull Street
Washington Bureau.....Munsey Building
Petersburg Bureau.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. One Six Three One
Year, Nos. Nos. 10
Daily with Sunday.....\$10.00 \$12.00
Daily without Sunday.....4.00 2.00 2.00
Sunday edition only.....1.00 1.00 .50

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service
in Richmond (and suburbs) and Peters-
burg.....One Week
Daily with Sunday.....15 cents
Daily without Sunday.....10 cents
Sunday only.....5 cents

Entered January 22, 1905, at Richmond, Va.,
as second-class matter under act of Congress
of March 3, 1879.

THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1913.

BELLS OF JOY.

That is a pretty bit of poetry—the use of a bell as the symbol for the public gift day of the Virginia Home for the Incurables. All of life for the unfortunate ones we are asked to help has been passed to the sound of solemn tolling. The bells their hearts hear oftenest are those of pain, regret and despair. Friday, Richmond can set ringing the sweeter bells of joy. That is the thought a generous man or woman must have when the opportunity of contributing to the happiness of life-long sufferers is offered. The bells of joy are waiting to be touched into gentle peals of consolation. Can you let them remain silent, unshrilled, when even the faintest offering will draw out a whisper of silver melody?

Tag days must be judged by their objects. We know of none that has a deeper claim upon the charity of the city than this day for free-will giving to the incurable. Well may the President write: "This very deserving charity commends itself to the whole community—it is a call from the helpless and hopeless ones sheltered within our walls." The words, helpless and hopeless, bitterly true, must waken even the hardest heart to sympathy. Suppose the harsh word of life had left you helpless and hopeless? Suppose you were unable to earn the bread you eat, or pay for the care you need? Suppose the iron doors of fate had closed forever, leaving you to wait for death, forever without hope? Where would you turn for that comfort and consolation that your spirit craved? The incurably broken and suffering are indeed hopeless and helpless unless they find hope and help in their fellowmen.

This institution asks not alms, but justice. It is doing a great and noble work in making life endurable for the stricken. Its faith in the generous sympathy of the people must not be disappointed. If the dwellers within these walls should hear the harsh announcement that Richmond had forgotten them and turned from their needs with cold selfishness, then, indeed, would they be even worse than incurable. They would lose the divine faith in men that must be their last possession.

The mystery of life hovers over these unhappy ones. They are our brothers. They asked not pain and long waiting, with empty hands. To some it came at birth, to others, it came by terrible chance. We are responsible. Whether through private charity, or public beneficence, we in the end are the keepers of life for them. It is not a gift, it is a duty that the strong owe the weak. Let your gift ring the bells of joy so that angels may know your heart understands the common lot of man.

GUIDES TO RICHMOND.

Since a recent suggestion by The Times-Dispatch that a better guide to Richmond would fill a real need for the increasing numbers of visitors to the city, two pamphlets have been submitted as evidence that such informative books already exist. Both of these are more attractive than the small and incomplete booklet usually offered by the stores. One that contains a good deal of information contained in convenient form, and includes a map of the city and of the battlefields nearby, was issued by C. Polindexter in 1907. The data and sketches in this are interesting, though very brief. The battle of Seven Pines is outlined in one small page. The pictures are not very impressive. All in all, though, this seems to be the best guide to historic Richmond.

The Chamber of Commerce sends up its attractively bound and excellently illustrated publicity pamphlet, "Richmond, Virginia—Yesterday and Today." The secretary writes that this is not intended for antiquarians or specialists, but aims at the presentation of a synopsical view of the city and its industries. It has run through several editions since 1910, and has been placed at the disposal of conventions, tourists and persons elsewhere inquiring about Richmond. The secretary adds that the need for a better map for a tourist guide has already been appreciated. It has been need for a list of points of interest marked by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. The hand-book on James River, which also is improved.

The chamber's publication is an admirable commercial exposition of Richmond. We doubt not that it compares favorably with similar literature issued by other cities. Yet, what we advocate is something a little more ambitious, a little more commensurate with the historic significance of Richmond and Virginia. What the visitor wants is something to give him a sense of reality in the great events of the past. He wants practical information of the present and the means of getting around the city. He wants something written well, with charm and dramatic power to arouse a thrill. Our ideal is a guide book that approaches literature. It should be picturesque,

full of color and human interest, and suggestive of the temper and spirit of the old and new town. It might be a book such as Colonel McCabe could write.

This is the only suggestion we make. Let us have a well-bound volume, instead of a paper pamphlet. Let the pictures be artistically reproduced on full pages. Let enough be given about the battles to enable a stranger who wants to sense what real war is like, to tramp over the field and imagine how the victory was lost or won. We did not think of it as a commercial enterprise to advertise Richmond, but as a patriotic one to give guests a true picture of great traditions. London, Paris, Rome, the famous cities of the world, are so presented. They do not seek advertisement, but to tell the truth and so become of vital interest to foreigners. What we would like to see is a dignified, accurate, well-written book combining useful data with a dignified story of our life drama.

THE SILENCED BATTERY.

The historic guns that for sixty-three years have done duty at the Virginia Military Institute spoke for the last time on Saturday, when, upon the fiftieth anniversary of Stonewall Jackson's death, they thundered their salute to their former commander. "Let this battery, which has known so much of toll, like the sword of Jackson, rest, but not decay, in sacred idleness" was the order read to the corps by Commandant Wise, and then Colonel William T. Poague, of the Rockbridge Artillery, who had commanded the guns in the War Between the States, and eight of his surviving runners fired the guns for the last time upon the same parade ground whence, in 1861, Jackson marched the cadets to the camp of instruction at Richmond.

"Venerable with age and honorable service," the guns tenderly have been passed to rest about the spot where Jackson in immortal bronze surveys the Valley of Virginia, in whose defense he waged a campaign that earned for him glory that grows brighter and brighter with the years. The silenced guns are rich in association with him. A year after they had been given to the institute by President Zachary Taylor as an evidence of his admiration for its cadets, who were his personal escort at the unveiling of the Washington Monument here, Thomas Jonathan Jackson came to the institution, and serving as instructor in artillery, used the guns for his work in that connection. They were a part of the armament of the Rockbridge Artillery and one of them fired the first hostile Confederate shot in the Valley. They raised their defiance at First Manassas, when the gallant Lee christened Jackson "Stonewall." The caisson of one here him to burial. They were captured by General Hunter, of the Union Army, and were taken to Washington, two years later to be returned to the institute by Lincoln's Secretary of War, Stanton. They remained in use from that time until their retirement on Saturday, one serving as the evening gun.

Never silenced by the guns of the invader, they are now by reverent hands mounted to stand in eternal guard over the hills where sleep Lee and his mighty right arm, Jackson. Silent for all time to come, they yet will speak from generation unto generation concerning their captain, who lived and who shall live again in the shadow of the wings of Jehovah.

DON'T SEND THE "GOOD FELLOW" TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The good fellow is a bad lawmaker. The Wise Virginian realizes the fact in urging the Commonwealth Journal to reconsider and abandon its idea of boosting a certain jovial soul for election to the House of Delegates. While the man in question is a very likeable gentleman and possesses many noble traits of character, we do not think, honestly, that he is the proper man to represent Wise and Dickenson Counties in the Legislature, declares the Virginian with characteristic courage of its conviction. "As a great and prosperous people, we cannot afford to elect a man to as important an office as this happens to be simply because he is a good fellow and popular with the boys. Times things count for very little at Richmond. The next session of the Legislature will mean much to Virginia. We want to do some things that the last Legislature—to his shame be it said—failed to do."

This session should be preached and preached and preached and preached again in every community in this Commonwealth. The city or county which chooses a man as its representative in the Legislature only because he is a good fellow is guilty of a crime against good government, and a betrayal of the State. The costliest mistake the people make is their common-sense mistake electing legislators, not because of their fitness to make laws, but because of their capacity for mixing with the crowd as a half-fellow. Such jovial nobodies are never positive forces in legislation, they are either neutral or negative in their influence. The "good fellow" is the chief leader upon which machines and other instrumentalities of crooked and corrupt government grow. It is for him that the lobbyists and the bribe wait. It is upon him that plundered sources to claim him for all time for his own. O good fellow, should how many political crimes have been committed in thy name?

He who shakes hands warmly and backs hands warmly and smiles pleasantly is not, therefore, fitted to make laws. He is, in ninety-nine cases out of 100, that sort of man makes an inefficient legislator. He not only does not represent, but he misrepresents the people who commissioned him to be their agent in the difficult task of framing and adopting effective laws for the common good. Leave the "good fellow" at home. Send to Richmond the man who is most intelligent, the

most thoughtful, the most reliable—in a word, the best man in the community. Let us not forget that the member of the House of Delegates represents, not only his community, but also his State. Let him be of that sort who will reflect honor upon Virginia through efficient, patriotic and sober-minded service. Mules and "good fellows" have their uses, but not in legislation.

EULOGY OF SHOWER BATHS.

Not enough has been said about the triumphs of plumbing in this day and generation. No inventions have added so much solid comfort to every-day life as have the devices to introduce flowing water into dwellings, add to carry off waste in a sanitary way. Not even electric lights, or furnaces, are as fundamentally useful as the showers of hot and cold water. They really make life worth living. The most modern glory of our indoor water systems is surely the shower-bath. It is not yet regarded as an essential, but daily the American people are learning that for cleanliness and health, nothing equals the shower. It will not be many years until a house with all modern conveniences will mean one with a shower. The uses of showers are manifold. They are certainly a sanitary improvement on the tub. Running water, constantly fresh, and never contaminated even by the dirt of the individual, is the ideal. It is almost a return to the natural splendor of bathing in the running stream. The contrast of hot and cold water is highly tonic and stimulating and can be secured properly in no other way.

The cold shower is deserving of perpetual praise. The man who arises, dull and blue, after a restless night in the hot summer, and trembles at the thought of facing a thousand cares and worries brought by the new day, can plunge under the reviving spray and find himself rejuvenated. If the good Ponce de Leon were here now, and had a chance at a shower he would cry: "Eureka! This is the Fountain of Youth!" The rush of clear cold water over the tired body after a busy day, or when the vigorous exercise of the afternoon is done, is better than any medicine. The running water seems to have a miraculous quality of carrying off old doubts and worries, and of leaving a new heart in a new body.

The reason is simple enough. The cold acts as a stimulant to the circulation. It jogs the blood into action, and arouses the nerves. The skin is shocked, the blood rushes to the heart and back again, the whole surface glows, and peace descends like a mantle.

The shower has been popularized by athletics. First the professional and the college man learned of its benefits. Then the man in the gymnasium or at the club. Now it is being domesticated. We trust that it will speedily hold the position among the Lares and Penates its gifts entitle it to. Children might find the dreaded bath a luxury and cry for it, were all homes fitted with such minute storms. Rough-and-tumble boys ought to find it a boon, after violent play.

Most of all, it would be a good thing if women were taught to love the shower. They need it more than any other class. This pleasant and wholesome stimulant is better than multitudinous cups of tea or bushels of smelling-salts. After dusting, after shopping, after a hurried matinee of calls, there is no end to the delights and services the shower can render the fair sex. As a final hint, and exhortation, we throw it will make them fairer. Now watch the shower of shower baths.

GENERALS WHO WERE NOT GENERALS.

Under the head, "Confederate Generals of Alabama," the Charleston News and Courier displays a photograph of General John B. Fuller, of Montgomery; General R. F. Weather, of Tusculum; General T. R. Thompson, of Mobile. Generals of the United Confederate Veterans they may be, but generals in the Confederate army they were not and are not. Yet 99 per cent of the people who saw that picture thought they were former generals in the Confederate States army, when it is quite possible that all were privates in that splendid host. This example is typical of many others. Frequently we see references to persons as Confederate generals who are simply officers in the United Confederate Veterans. Much confusion has been created by the use of military titles in that excellent organization, and future historians will have to unweave a tangled web of rank. Few, if any, of the surviving Confederate generals are officers in the official organization of ex-Confederate veterans.

Here is a new case of the widow's mite. In Lebehent, Kansas, a large monastery of the Fathers of the Divine Word, is supported by stamps gathered and sent in from all parts of the world. Members of the order collect them from their parishioners. They are soaked from the envelopes, sorted out by countries and varieties, and sold at wholesale to stamp merchants. The common kinds are sold by the pound, about 20,000 for 50 cents. Packets of 2,000 varieties go as high as \$200, and certain specimens, noteworthy on account of errors, or a limited edition, bring from \$1 to \$50. This is a striking example of how co-operation in the little things, and even in the waste of civilization, can achieve big results.

Berlin has decreed that horses shall be kept off the city streets. The police department has ruled that only motor-vehicles answer the modern urban transportation question. Cab proprietors have been compensated by a grant of \$150 and license to use one petrol-driven vehicle, provided they had ten cabs previous to the time of the order.

In Columbia, S. C., a city which in many ways is a good imitation on a small scale of Richmond, there has just been opened a Jefferson Hotel, and the second man to register at the new hostelry was H. B. Ivey, of Richmond.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Underwood. Oscar can tell you as quick as a wink. The state of the tariff from agate to zzz. He knows every crook and he knows every turn. There is nothing remaining for Oscar to learn.

He reels off statistics, yea, yard after yard. Concealing rope, sugar, cigars, soap and lard. Cheese, axle grease, breakfast food, hair oil and pills. Tacks, calico, arnica, capsules and squills.

We've tried hard to follow old Oscar's wild flights in tariff revision. We've studied him nights. But we must confess, though it grieves us most sore, we know less about it than we did before.

The Underwood bill is as clear to us now as a bucket of mud, we are pained to allow.

If he can explain it as he says he can, Old Oscar is quite a remarkable man.

According to Uncle Abner.

It doesn't look as though the demand for lawyers in this country is ever going to exceed the supply. There is one good thing. When a fellow is worried about his automobile, he isn't worried about anything else.

There ain't nothing that sticks out on a fellow like bad grammar.

If a fellow is a low-brow he is sure to show it sometime. He can't conceal it any more than he kin conceal a wart on his nose.

It ain't what fellow makes \$ his work, but what he saves that counts, unless, of course, it is clear coupons, or chewin' tobacco tags.

I can't hardly believe that any good American fellow is ever going to follow the dictate of fashion and carry a handbag.

The fellow who left his screen doors up all winter now thinks he has got the laugh on his neighbors, even though there are no screens left in the doors.

The sweetest bird song that I know is the cackle of the hen after she has laid an egg.

Hank Tumms has called his son Bill because he came to them on the first of the month.

A barber kin work on a fellow all day if he isn't stopped and at midnight is ready to suggest something else that should be done.

Lois Higgins, who was in politics for the last time, was in politics for twenty years ago, has been incapacitated for real work ever since.

Signs of the Times.

New York is to have a round court-house. The law in New York never was exactly on the square.

The first mistake of Mr. Wilson's administration was the wearing of that lavender necktie by the President.

If the hobos would go on a hunger strike it would save the householders a lot of money.

So long as the German military ballet and Mrs. Pankratz are in good running order the people who live in England will not suffer much.

What is needed is a group photograph of a ball team that does not look exactly like the group photograph of every other ball team.

Paris fashion experts are pronouncing this year, but it only takes about 25 cents to make one out of a blonde.

The government suit against the coffee trust was dropped. Perhaps there were not sufficient grounds.

Some of the Presidents hastened to acknowledge their dependence upon Providence at the start. McKinley "invoked" the guidance of his Maker in the first paragraph of his inaugural address, and closed with a petition to the "Lord High" which no former President had used on similar occasion.

In his first inaugural Washington was near verbose in his acknowledgments. "Almighty Being," "Great God," "Smiles of Heaven" appear in the same paragraph, and "Providence" and "the Divine Power" are frequently used. The invocation for guidance occurs most frequently in the termination of the address. President Wilson almost paraded Garfield in this respect, the last words of Garfield's inaugural being "Almighty God."

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WHEN THE STOCK MARKET IS DULL

By John T. McCutcheon.

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